

If you knowv not me,

You know no bodie;

Or,

The troubles of QUEENE ELIZABETH.



AT LONDON,
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ROYAL ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY



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If you knowv not me,
You know no bodie:

Or,
The troubles of Queene ELIZABETH.

Enter Suffex, and Lo: Chamberlaine.

Suffex.

Good morrow my good Lord Chamberlaine.

Chamb. Many good morrowes to my good Lord of Suffex.

Suf. Who's with the Queene my Lord?

Cha. The Cardinall of *Winchester*: The Lord of *Tame*: the good Lord *Shandoyse*: and besides, Lo: *Howard*: sir *Henry Beningfield*, and diuers others.

Suf. A word my Lord in priuate.

Enter Tame and Shandoyse.

Shand. Touching the Queene my Lord who now sits hic, What thinks the realme of Philip th'Emperours sonne, A marriage by the Councell treated of?

Tame. Pray God't proue well.

Suf. Good morrow Lordes.

Tame. Good morrow my good Lord of Suffex.

Shan. I cry your Honours mercy.

Cham. Good morrow to the Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*.

Tame. The like to you my Lord: As you weare speaking.

A 3

Enter

If you know not me,

Enter Lord Howard, and Sir Henry Beningsfield.

Ben. Concerning *Wiat* and the Kentish rebels,
Their querthrow is past: the rebell Dukes that sought
By all meanes to proclaime queene *Iane*, chiefly *Northumberland*
For *Gilfords* sake, he for't his brother Duke vnto that warre,
But each one had his merite.

How. Oh my Lord,
The Lawe proceeded gainst their great offence,
And'tis not well, since they haue suffered iudgment,
That we should rayse their scandall being dead,
Tis impious, not by true iudgement bred,

Suf. Good morrow my Lord, good morrow good sir *Henry*.

Ben. Pardon, my Lord, I saw you not till now.

Cham. Good morrow good Lord *Howard*.

How. Your honours: The like to you my Lords.

Tame. With all my heart Lord *Howard*.

Cham. Forward I pray.

Suf. The Suffolke men my Lord was to the Queene
The very staires, by which she did ascend:
Shee's greatly bound vnto them for their loues.

Enter Cardinall of Winchester.

Wi. Good morrow Lords, attend the Queene into the presence,

Suf. Your dueties Lords.

Exeunt omnes.

*Enter Tame bearing the Purse: Shandoyse the Mace: Howard
the Scepter: Suffex the Crowne: then the Queene, after her
the Cardinall, Sentlow, Gage, and attendants.*

Queene. By Gods assistance, and the power of heauen,
We are instated in our brothers throane,
And all those powers that warr'd against our right,
By helpe of heauen, and your friendly ayde,
Disper'st and fled, heere may we sit secure,
Our heart is ioyfull Lords, our peace is pure.

Enter Dodds.

Dodds. I do beseech your maiestie peruse this poore petition.

Qu. O maister *Dodds*, we are indebted to you for your loue,
You stood vs in great stead even in our ebbe
Of fortune, when our hopes were neere declin'd,

And

you know no bodie.

And when our state did beare the lowest faile,
Which we haue reason to requite we know:
Reade his petition my good Lord Cardinall.

Dodds. O gracious foueraigne, let my Lord the Duke haue the
Perusing of it, or any other that is neere your grace,
He will be to our suite an opposite.

Win. And reason fellow.

Madam, heere is a large recitall and vpbraiding of your high-
nes Soueraignty, the Suffolke men that listid you to the throne,
and here posselt you, clame your promise you made them about
Religion.

Dods. True gracious Soueraigne,
But that we doe vpbraide your Maiestie,
Or make recitall of our deedes forepast,
Other then conscience, honesty and zeale,
By loue, by faith, and by our duetie bound,
To you the next and true successiue heyre,
If you contrary this, I needes must say,
Yourskillesse tongue doth make our well tun'd words,
Iarre in the Princes cares, and of our text
You make a wrong consturction. Gracious Queene,
Your humble subiects prostrate in my mouth,
A generall suite when we first flockt to you,
And made first head with you at *Fromagham*,
Twas thus concluded, that we your liege-men
Should still enioy our consciences, and vse that faith
Which in king *Edwards* dayes was held canonicall.

Win. May't please your highnes note the commons insolence,
They tie you to conditions, and set limits to your liking,

Queene. They shall know,
To whome their faithfull dueties they doe owe,
Since they the limes, the head would seeke to sway,
Before they gouerne, they shall learne t'obay:
See it seuerely ordred *Winchester*.

Win. Away with him, it shall be throughly scand,
And you vpon the pillory, three dayes to stand. *Exit Dodds.*

Ben.

If you know not me,

Benif. Haz not your sister (gratious *Queene*) a hand
In these petition: & well your Highnes knowes
She is a fauorite of these heretiques.

Win. And well remembered, is't not probable,
That she in *Wiats* expedition
And other insurrections lately que'd,
was a confederate? if your highnes wil your own estate preserue,
You must foresee fore-dangers, and cut off all such
As would your safetie preiudice.

Ben. Such is your sister,
A meere opposite to vs in our opinion: and besides,
Shee's next successiue, should your Maiesty
Die issuelesse, which heauen defend.

Omnes. Which heauen defend.

Pen. The state of our religion would decline.

Queen. My Lords of *Tame* and *Shandoyse*,
You two shall haue a firme Commission seald.
To fetch our sister yong *Elizabeth*
From *Ashbridge* where she lies, and with a band
Of armed souldiers to conduct her vp to *London*,
Where we will heare her.

Sen. Gracious *Queen*, she only craues but to behold your face,
That she might cleare her selfe of all supposed treasons,
Still protesting, she is as true a subiect to your Grace,
As liues this day.

Win. Do not you heare with what a sawcie impudence,
This *Sentlow* here presumes?

Queene. Away with him, Ile teach him know his place,
To frowne when we frowne, smile on whom we grace.

Win. T will be a meanes to keepe the rest in awe,
Mak'ng their Soueraignes brow, to them a lawe.

Queene. All those that seeke our Sisters cause to fauour,
Let them be lodged,

Winch. Yong *Courtney* Earle of *Deuonshire*,
Seemes chiefly to affect her faction.

Qu. Commit him to the Tower,

you know no bodie.

Till time affords vs and our Councell breathing space.

Whence is that Poste?

A horse within.

Const. My Soueraigne, it is from *Southampton*.

Queene. Our Secretary, vnseale them, and returne

Vs present answers of the contents,

She speaks to the

What's the maine business?

Lord Constable.

Const. That *Phillip* Prince of *Spaine*,
Sonne to the Emperour, is safely ariu'd,

And landed at *Southampton*.

Queene. Prepare to meete him Lords with all our pompe.

Howard. Prepare you Lords with our faire *Queene* to ride,
And his high princely state let no man hide.

Queene. Set forward Lords, this sodaine newes is sweete,
Two royall Louers on the midde way meete.

ex. omnes.

Enter maister Gage and a Gentlewoman.

Gage. Good morrow mistresse, came you from the Princeesse?

Wom. Maister *Gage*, I did.

Gage. How fares her Grace?

Wom. O wondrous crazie, gentle maister *Gage*,
Her sleepes are all vnquiet, and her head
Beats, and growes giddy with continuall griefe.

Gage. God grant her comfort, and release her paine,
So good a Lady few on earth remaine.

Enter the Clowne.

Clowne. O Arme, arme, arme.

Gage. How now, what's the matter?

Clowne. O Lord the house is beset, shouldiers are as hot as fire,
Are readie to enter every hole about the house,
For as I was a'th toppe of the stacke, the sound of the drumme
Hot me such a box a'theare, that I came tumbling downe,
The stacke with a thousand billets a'th top on me, looke about,
And help for Gods sake.

Gage. Heaven guard the Princeesse, grant that all be well,
This Drumme I feare will prooue her Passing-bell.

B

Enter

If you know not me,

Enter Tame and Shandoyse with Souldiers, Drum, &c.

Tame. Where's the Princess?

Gage. O my honor'd Lords!

(May I with reuerence presume to aske)

What means these armes? why doe you thus begirt

A poore weake Ladie, neare at point of death?

Shan. Resolue the Princess we must speake with her.

Wo. My Lords know there is no admittance to her presence,
Without the leaue, first granted from her selfe.

Tame. Go tell her, we must, and will.

Wom. Ile certifie so much. *Exit woman.*

Gage. My Lords, as you are honourably borne,

As you did loue her father, or her brother,

As you doe owe allegiance to the Queene,

In pittie of her weaknes, and low estate,

With best off fauour her commiserate.

Enter woman.

Wom: Her grace intreats you but to stay till morne,
And then your message shall be heard at full.

Shan: Tis from the Queene, and we will speake with her,

Wom: Ile certifie so much.

Tame. It shall not neede, presse after her my Lord.

*Enter Elizabeth in her bed, Doctor Owine, and
Doctor Wendish.*

Elix. We are not pleasde with your intrusions Lords,
Is your haste such, or your affaires so vrgent,
That sodainely, and at this time of night,
You presse on me, and will not stay till morne?

Tame: Sorry we are (sweet Lady) to beholde you in this sadde

Elix. And my Lords not glad, *(plight.*
My heart, oh how it beats!

Shan: Madam, our message and our duety from our Queene,
We come to tender you, It is her pleasure,
That you the 7. day of this month appeare at *Westminster.*

Elix: At *Westminster*! my Lords, no soule more glad than I,
To

you know no bodie.

To doe my duety to her Maieftie,
But I am fory at the heart, my heart, oh good Doctor raife me:
Oh my heart, I hope my Lords, confidering my extremitie and
weakenes, you will difpence a little with your hafte.

Tame. Doctor *Owine*, and Doctor *Windeth*.
You are the Queenes Phifitions truly fworne,
On your alegeance, as before her Highnes you will anfwere it,
Speake, may the Princeffe be remoou'd with life?

D. Owine. Nor without danger Lords, yet without death,
Her feauer is not mortall; yet you fee into what danger
It hath brought the Princeffe.

Shan. Is your opinion fo?

D. Win. My iudgment is, not deadly, but yet dangerous,
No fooner fhall ſhe come to take the aire,
But ſhe will faint, and if not well prepar'd and attended,
Her life is in much danger.

Tame. Madam, we take no pleasure to deliuer
fo ſtrict a meſſage.

Eliz. Nor I my Lords to heare a meſſage deliuered
With ſuch ſtrictnes: well, muſt I goe?

Shan. So ſayes the Queene.

Eliz. Why then it muſt beſo.

Tame. To morrow earlie then you muſt prepare.

Eliz. Tis many a morrow ſince my feeble legges
Felt this my bodies weight: O I ſhall faint,
And if I taſte the rawneſſe of the aire,
I am but dead, indeede I am but dead.

Tis late, conduct theſe Lords vnto their chambers,
And cheere them well, for they haue iourneyd hard,
Whilſt we prepare vs for our morrowes iourney.

Shan. Madam, the Queene haah ſent her letter for you,

Eliz. The Queene is kinp, and we will ſtrive with death
To tender her our life,
We are her ſubiect, and obey her beſt,
Good night, we wiſh you what we want,
Good reſt.

Exeunt omnes.

If you know not me,

*Enter Queene Mary, Philip, and all the Nobles,
but Tams and Shandoyf.*

Quee. Thus in the face of heaven and broadie of all the mul-
We giue a welcome to the Spanish Prince, (citude)
Thole plausiue showts which giue you entertaine,
Ecchoesas much to the Almighty cares,
And there the, found with pleasure, and excels
The clamorous trumpets, and lowd rnyng bells.

Phil. Thrife excellent and euergratious Princefle,
Doubly famous for Vertue and for Beantie,
We embrace your large stretcht Honors with the armes of loue,
Our royall marriage, treated first in heaven
To be solemniz'd heere, both by Gods voice,
And by our loues consent, we thus embrace;
Now Spaine and England two populous kingdomes,
That haue a long time beene opposde
In hostile emulation, shall be at one:
This shall be Spanish England, ours English Spaine.

Qu. Hearke the redoubling ecchoes of the people, *Flourish*
How it proclames their loues, and welcome to this Vnion.

Phil. Then heere before the Pillars of the Land,
We doe embrace and make a publike contract:
Our soules are ioyfull, then bright heauens smile,
Whilst we proclaime our new vnited stile,

Que. Reade *Suffex.*

Suffex reades.

*Philip and Mary, by the grace of God, King and
Queene of England, Spayne, France and Ireland,
King and Queene of Naples, Scitcillia, Leon and
Aragon Archduke & Dutches of Alsria, Burgun-
dy, of Brabant, Zeland, of Holland: Prince and
Princesse*

you know no bodie.

*Princede of Sweaue, Count and Countesse Hal-
burdge, Meliorca, Sardinia, of the firme Land &
the maine Ocean Sea, Palatins of Ierusalem, of
Henolt, Lord and Lady of Freeseland, and of the
Isles: And Gouvernor and Gouvernesse of all Affrica,
and Asia.*

Omnes. Long liue the King and Queene. *Flourish.*

Kin and Qu. We thanke you all.

Con. When please your Highnes to solemnize this your Nup-

Qu. The 25. day of this month of Iuly. *(trials 2)*

Phil. It likes vs well, but royall Queene we want

One Lady at this high solemnitie:

We haue a sister call'd *Elizabeth*,

Whose vertues and indowments of the minde

Haue fill'd the eares of Spaine.

Win. Great are the causes, now too long to say,
Why she, my Soueraigne, should be kept away.

Con. The Lord of *Tame* and *Shandoyse* are return'd.

Enter Tame, Shandoyse, and Gage.

Queens. How fares our Sister? Is she come along?

Tame. We found the Princede sicke, and in great danger.

Yet did we vrge our strict Commission,

She much intreated that she might be spar'd,

Vntill her health and strength might be restor'd.

Shan. Two of your highnes Doctors we then call'd,

And charg'd them as they would answere it,

To tell the truth, if that our iournies toyle

Might be no preiudice vnto hir life;

Or if we might with safetie bring her thence:

They answered, that we might; we did so,

Here she is to doe her duty to your Maiestie.

Quee. Let her attend, we will find time to heare her,

Phil. But royall Queene, yet for her vertues sake,

Deeme her offences, if she haue offended,

If you know not me,

With all the Ienitie a Sister can.

Queene. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, my Lord of *Suſſex*,
Lord *Howard*, *Tame*, and *Shandoyſe*,

Take you Commiſſion to examine her
Of all ſuppoſed crimes: ſo to our Nuptials.

Phi. What feſtiuall more royall hath bene ſcene,
Than twixt *Spaines* Prince, and *Englands* Royall *Queene*.

Exeunt.

*Enter Elizabeth, her gentlewoman, and three
houſhold Seruants.*

Eliz. Is not my gentleman Viſber yet return'd?

Wom. Maſdam, not yet.

Eliz. O God, my feare hath bene good Phiſicke, (*Sicke*,
But the *Queens* diſpleaſure, that hath cur'd my bodies imperfe-
Hath made me heart-ſicke, braine-ſicke, and ſicke cūen to death:
What are you?

I. Ser. Your houſhol officers and humble ſeruants,
Who, now your houſe (*ſaire* Princeſſe) is diſſolu'd
And quite broke vp, come to attend your grace.

Eliz. We thanke you, and am more indebted for your loues,
Than we haue power, or vertue to requite,
Alas, I am all the *Queens*, yet nothing of my ſelfe,
But God and innocence, be you my patrons, & defend my cauſe:
Why weepe you gentlemen?

Cookes. Not for our ſelues, men are not made to weepe
At their owne fortunes, our eies are made of fire,
And to extraſt water from fire, is hard;
Nothing but ſuch a Princeſſe griefe as yours,
So good a lady, and ſo beautifull, ſo abſolute a miſtris,
And perfect as you haue euer bene,
Haue power to doo't, your ſorrow makes vs ſad.

Eliz. My innocence yet makes my heart as light,
As my front's heauie: all that heauen ſends, is welcome:
Gentlemen, deuide theſe crownes amongſt you,
I am now a priſoner, and ſhall want nothing,

you know no bodie.

I haue some friends about her Maiesty,
That are prouiding for me all things; all things:
I, euen my graue; and being possesst of that,
I shall neede nothing: weepe not I pray,
Rather you should reioyce
If I miscarry in this enterprife; and aske you why,
A Virgine and a Martyre both I die.

Enter Gage.

Gage. He that first gaue you life, protect that life,
From those that wish your death.

Eli. Whats my offence? who be my accusers?

Gage. Madam, that the Queene & Winchester best knowes.

Eli. What saies the Queene vnto my late petition;

Gage. You are denide that grace:

Her Maiestie will not admit you conference,

Sir *William Sentlow* vrging that motion,

Was first committed, lince sent to the Tower,

Madam, in brieue your foes are the Queenes friends;

Your friends her foes,

Six of the Counsell are this day appointed,

To examine you of certaine articles.

Eli. They shall be welcome; my God in whome I trust,

Will help, deliuer, saue, defend the iust.

*Enter Winchester; Suffex, Howard, Tame; Shandoyse,
and Cunstable.*

Suf. All forbear this place, vnlesse the Princeesse.

Win. Madam, we from the Queene are ioyned *They sit,*
in full commission. *Shes kneeles.*

Suff: By your fauor (good my Lord) ere you proceede,
Madam, although this place doth tie you to this reuerence,
It becomes not you being a Princeesse to deiect your knee,
A chaire there.

Eli. My duty with my fortunes doe agree,

And

If you know not me,

And to the Queene, in you I bend my knee.

Sn. You shall not kneele where Suffex sits in place.
The Chamber-keeper, a chaire there for his grace.

Win. Madam, perhaps you censure hardly,
That twas infort in this commission,

Eli. Know you your owne guilt, my good Lord Chancellor,
That you accuse your selfe; I thinke not so,
I am of this mind, no man is my foe.

Win. Madam, I would you would submit vnto your highnes.

Eli. Submit my Lord of Winchester; tis fit
That none but base offenders should submit:
No no my Lord, I easily spie your drift,
Hauing nothing whereon you can accuse me,
Do seeke to haue my selfe, my selfe betray,
So by my selfe my owne blood should be spilt,
Confesse submission, I confesse a guilt.

Tame. What answer you to *Wiats* late rebellion?
Madam, tis thought that you did set them on.

Eli. Who is't will say so men may much suspect,
But yet (my Lord) none can my life detect.
I a confederate with those kentish rebels?
If I ere saw or sent to them, let the Queene take my head.
Hath not proud *Wiats* suffred for his offence,
And in the purging both of soule and bodie for heauen,
Did *Wyate* then accuse *Elizabeth*?

Snf. Madam, he did not.

Eli. My reuerend Lord, I know it.

How. Madam, he would not.

Eli. Oh my good Lord he could not.

Suf. The same day *Frogmorton* was arraigned in the Guild-hall
It was imposde on him, whether this Princeesse had a hand
With him, or no; he did deny it,
Cler'd hir fore his death, yet accusde others.

Eli. My God be praisde, this is newes but of a minute olde,

Shan. What answer you to sir *Peter Carey* in the west,
The western Rebels?

Eli.

you know no bodie.

Eli. Aske the vnborne Infant, see what that will answere,
For that and I are botha like in guilt,
Let not by rigor innocent blood be spilt.

Win. Come Madam, answere brieflie to these treasons.

Eli. Treason Lords, if it be treason to be the daughter
To th'eight *Henrie*, sister to *Edward*, and the next of blood vnto
My gracious soueraigne now the *Queene*, I am a trator: if not, I
Spit at treason. In *Henries* raigne this Law could not haue stood,
O God that we should suffer for our blood!

Con. Madam, the *Queene* must heare you sing another song,
Before you part with vs.

Eli. My God doth know, I can no note but truth,
That with heauens King,
One day in quiers of Angels I shall sing.

Win. Then Madam you'le not submit.

Eli. My life I will, but not as guiltie,
My Lords, let pale offenders pardon craue,
If we offend, Lawes rigor let vs haue.

Win. You are stubborne, come, lets certifie the *Queene*.

Tam. Rowme for the Lords there.

Exeunt

Eli. Thou power eternall, Innocents iust guide,
That swayes the Septer of all Monarchies,
Protect the guiltlesse from these rauening iawes,
That hideous death presents, by Tyrant Lawes,
And as my heart is knowne to thee more pure,
Grant me release, or patience to endure.

Councell.

Enter Gage and Seruants.

Gage. Madam, we your poore humble seruants,
Made bold to presse into your Graces presence,
To know how your cause goes,

Eli. Well, well, I thanke my God, well,
How can a cause goe ill with Innocents?
They that to whome wrongs in this world are done,
Shall be rewarded in the world to come.

Enter the six Counsellors.

Win. It is the pleasure of her maiestie,
That you be straight committed to the Tower.

Eli. The Tower? for what?

If you know not me,

Win. Moreouer all your household seruants we haue discharg'd
Except this gentleman your vsier, and this gentlewoman,
Thus did the Queene command,
And for your guard a hundred Northerne white cotes
Are appointed to conduct you thither,
To night vnto your chamber, to morrow early prepare
You for the tower, your Barge stands ready
To conduct you thither. *Shee kneeles.*

Eli. Oh God my hart: A prisoner in the Tower,
Speake to the Queene my Lords, that some other place
May lodge her sister, that's too vilde, too base.

Suff. Come my Lords, let's all joyne in one petition
To the Queene, that she may not be lodg'd within the Tower,

Win. My Lord, you know it is in Vaine,
For the Queenes sentence is definitiue,
And we must see it perform'd.

Eliz. Then to our chamber comfortlesse and sad,
To morrow to the Tower that fatall place,
Where I shall neuer behold the Sunnes bright face.

Suff. Now God forbid, a better hap heauen send: *Exeunt*
Thus men may mourne for what they cannot mend. *Omnes.*

Enter three white-cote souldiers with a iacke of beere.

1. Come my maisters, you know your charge, tis now about
A leauen, here we must watch till morning,
And then carry the Princessie to the Tower.

2. How shall we spend the time till morning?

3. Masse weele drinke and talke of our friends.

2. I but my frind, doe not talke of state matters,

1. Not I, ile not meddle with the State,
I hope this a man may say without offence,
Prethee drinke to me.

3. With all my hearty faith, this a man might lawfully speake,
But now; faith what wast about to say?

1. Masse I say this; That the Lady *Elizabeth* is both a Lady,
And *Elizabeth*, and if I should say she were a vertuous Princessie,
Were there any harme in that?

2. No by my troth ther's no harme in that,
But beware of talking of the princeesse,

Let's

you know no bodie.

Let's meddle with our kindred, there we may be bold.

1. Well sirs, I haue twoo sisters, and the one loues the other,
And woud not send her to prison for a million; is there any harm
In this? Ile keepe my selfe within compasse I warrant you.

For I doe not talke of the Queene, I talke of my sisters.

Ile keepe my selfe within compasse I warrant you.

3. I but sir, that word sister goes hardly downe.

1. Why sir, I hope a man may be bold with his owne,
Ile aine'd that of the Queene, ile keepe my selfe within compasse
Ile warrant you.

2. I but sir, why is the Princessse committed?

1. It may be she doth not know her selfe,
It may be the Queene knowes not the cause,
It may be my Lord of *Winchester* does not know?
It may be so, nothing is vnpossible to god,
It may be there's knauery in Monkery,
There's nothing vnpossible, is there any harme in that?

2. Shomaker, you goe a little beyond your last.

1. Why, in saying nothing's vnpossible to God,
Ile stand to it; for saying a truth's a truth, Ile proue it;
For saying there may be knauery in Monkerie, Ile iustifie it,
I doe not say there is, but may be, I know what I know,
You know what you know, he knowes what he knowes,
Mayr we know not what euery man knowes.

3. My maisters, we haue talkt so long that I thinke tis day.

1. I thinke so too, is there any harme in all this?

2. No harme ith world.

3. And I thinke by this time the Princessse is ready
To take her barge.

1. Come then let's goe, would all were well,
Is there any harme in all this? But alas, wishes and teares
Haue both one propertie, they shew their loue that
Want the remedy.

Exeunt omnes

Enter Winchester and Beningsfield.

Win. Did you not marke what a pittious eie she cast
To the Queenes window as she past along?
Faine she would haue staied, but that I causde
The Bargemen to make hast, and to row away.

If you know not me,

Ben. The bargemen were too desperate my Lord,
In staying till the water were so lowe,
For then you know, being vnderneath the bridge,
The barges sterne did strike vpon the ground,
And was in danger to haue drownd vs all.

Win. Well, she hath scapt that danger,
Would she but conforme her selfe in her opinion,
She only might rely vpon my loue,
To winne her to the fauour of the Queene.

Ben. But that will neuer be, this is my censure,
If she be guilty in the least degree,
May all her wrongs suruiue and light on her:
If other waies that she be cleared,
Thus both waies I wish her downe,
Or else her state to raise.

Enter Suffex, Tame, Howard, Shandoyse and Gage,

Suf. Why doth the Princeesse keepe her barge so long?
Why lands she not? Some one go see the cause.

Gage. That shall be my charge my Lord. *Exit Gage.*

Suffex. Oh me my Lords her state is wondrous hard,
I haue scene the day, my hand ide not haue lent
To bring my Soueraigns sister to the Tower.
Good my Lords, stretch your Commission
To do the Princeesse but some little fauour. *(cesse,*

Shan. My Lord, my Lord, let not the loue we beare the Prin-
Incurre the Queenes displeasure, tis no dallying with matters of
Estate, who dares gaine-say the Queene?

Suff. Mary God not I, no, no, not I;
Yet who shall hinder these myne eyes to sorrow
For her sorrow? By Gods mary deere,
That the Queene could nor, though her selfe were heere:
My Lords, my Lords, if it were held fowle treason,
To greiue for her hard vsage; by my soule,
Myne eies, would hardly prooue a true subject:
But tis the Queenes pleasure, and we must obay:
But I shall mourne, should the King and Queene say nay.

Enter Gage.

Gage. My griued Mistris humbly thus intreats,

you know no bodie.

For to remooue back to the common stayres,
And not to land where traitors put to shore;
Some difference she intreats your Honors make
Twixt Christall Fountaine and fowle muddy Springs,
Twixt those that are condemned by the law,
And those whome Treasons staine did neuer blemish:
Thus she attends your answere and sits still,
Whilst her wet eies full many a teare did spill.

Suf. Mary a God, tis true, and tis no reason: Launch Barge-
Good Lady, land where traitors vse to land, (man,
And fore her guilt be proou'd, Gods mary no,
And the Queene wils it, that it should be so.

Shaw. My Lord, you must looke into our Commission,
No fauour's graunted, she of force must land,
Tis a decree which we cannot withstand,
So tell her, maister *Gage*.

Exit Gage.

Suf. As good a lady as ere *England* bred,
Would he that caus'd this woe, had lost his head.

*Enter Gage, Elizabeth, and Clarentia her
gentlewoman.*

Gage. Madam, you haue stept too short, into the water.

Eli. No matter where I treade,
Would where I set my foot, there lay my head,
Land traitor like! my foot's wet in the flood,
So shall my hart ere long be drencht in blood.

Enter Constable.

Wm. Heere comes the Constable of the Tower,
This is your charge,

Const. And I receiue my prisoner, come, will you goe?

Eli. Whither my Lord, vnto a grate of yron,
Where grieve and care my poore hart shall environ?
I am not well.

Suf. A chaire for the Princeesse.

Con. Heer's no chaire for prisoners,
Come, will you see your chamber?

Eli. Then on this stone this cold stone will I sit,
I needs must say, you hardly me intreate,
When for a chaire, this hard stone is my seat.

If you know not me,

Suff. My Lord, you deale too cruelly with the Princesse,
You knew her father, shee's no stranger to you.

Tame. Madam it raines.

Suff. Good Lady take my cloake.

Eli. No, let it a lone; See Gentlemen,
The pityous heauens weepes teares into my bosome,
On this cold stone I sit, raine in my face,
But better heere, then in a worser place
Where this bad man will lead me.

Clar. Reach me my booke; now lead me where you please
From sight of day, or in a dungeon, I shall see to pray.

Suff. Nay, nay, you need not bolt and locke so fast, *Exit Eli.*
She is no starter, honorable Lords, *Gage. Claren:*
Speake to the Queene she may haue some release. *Consta.*

Enter Constable.

Const. So, so, let me alone, let me alone to coope her,
Ile vse her so, the Queene shall much commend
My diligent care.

Howard. Where haue you left the princesse?

Con. Where she is safe ynough I warrant you,
I haue not granted her the priuiledge
Of any walke, or garden, or to ope
Her windowes, caiments to receiue the aire.

Suff. My Lord, my Lord, you deale without respect,
And worse than your Commission can maintaine.

Con. My Lord, I hope I know my office well,
And better than your selfe within this place,
Then teach not me my dutie, she shall be vsde so still,
The Queene commaunds, and ile obey her will.

Suff. But if this time should alter, marke me well,
Could this be answer'd? could it fellow Peeres?
I thinke not so,

Con. Tush, tush, the Queene is yong, likely to beare
Of her owne body a more royall heire.

Enter Gage.

Gage. My Lords, the Princesse humbly intreats,
That her owne seruants may beare vp her dyet;
A company of base yntutor'd slaues,

Whose

you know no bodie.

Whose hands did neuer serue a Princeesse boord,
Doe take that priuledge.

Con. Twas my appointment and it shall be so.

Suff. Gods mary deare, but it shall not be,
Lord *Howard* joyne with me, weele to the king.

Enter Souldiers with dishes.

Gage. Stay good my Lords for instance, see they come,
If this be seemely, let your Honors iudge.

Suf. Come, come my Lords, why do we stay so long?
The Queenes high fauour shall amend this wrong?

Con. Now sir, what haue you got by your *Exeunt omnes*
complaining, you common find-fault; what, is *prater Conft.*
your Mistris stomacke so queasie, our honest *and Gage.*
Souldiers must not touch her meate? Then let her fast:
I know her stomacke will come downe at last.

Enter souldiers with more dishes, Gage
takes one from them.

Gage. Vntuor'd slaue, Ile ease thee of this burthen,
Her highnes scornesto touch the dish
Her seruants brings not vp.

Con. Presume to touch a dish, Ile lodge thee there
Where thou shalt see no sunne for one whole yeare: *Exit Con.*

Gage. I would to God you would, in any place *& souldiers.*
Where I might liue from thought of her disgrace;
O thou all-seeing heauens, with pittious eies,
Looke on th' oppressions of their cruelty:
Let not thy truth by falshood be oppressd,
But let her vertues shine, and giue her rest,
Confound the sleights, and practise of those men,
Whose pride doe kicke against the seat of heauen,
Oh draw the curtaines from their filthy sinne,
And make them loath the hell which they liue in,
Prosper the Princeesse and her life defend,
A glorious comfort to her trouble send.
If euer thou hadst pittie, heare my praier,
And giue realeasement to a princes care,

Exit Gage
A dumbe

If you know not me,

A dumbe show, Enter sixe with Torches.

Tame and *Shandoyse* bare-headed, *Phillip* and *Mary* after them: then *Winchester*, *Beningfield*, and *Attendants* at the other doore *Suffex* & *Howard*, *Suffex* deli- uers. a petition to the King, the King shewes it to the Queene, she shews it to *Winchester*, and to *Beningfield*: they storme, the King whispers to *Suffex*, & raises him & *Howard* giues them a petition; they take their leaues and depart, the King whispers a litle to the Queene.

Enter Constable and Gage.

Exeunt.

Gage. The Princess thus intreats you honor'd Lord, She may but walke in the Lieutenants garden, Or else repose her selfe in the Queenes lodgings: My honor'd Lord, grant this as you did loue The famous *Henry* her deceased father.

Con. Come, talke not to me for I am resolu'd, Nor lodging, garden, nor Lieutenants walkes Shall here be grauted, shee's a prisoner.

Gage. My Lord, they shall.

Con. How, shall they knaue?

Gage. If the Queene please, they shall.
A noble and right reuerend Counsellor,
Promist to beg it of her Maiestie:
And if shee say the word, my Lord shee shall.

Con. I if shee say the word, it shall be so:
My Lord of *Winchester* speakes the contrary,
So doe the Clergie, they are honest men.

Gage. My honor'd Lord, why should you take delight
To torture a pore Lady Innocent?
The Queene I know when shee shall heare of this,
Will greatly discommend your cruelty.
You seru'd her father, and he lou'd you well;
You seru'd her brother, and he held you deare,
And can you hate the sister he best lou'd?
You serue her sister, she esteemes you hie,
And you may liue to serue her ere you die:
And therefore good my Lord let this preuaile,
Only the casements of her window ope,

Whereby

you know no bodie.

Whereby she may receiue fresh gladsome aire.

Con. O you preach well to deafenment! no, not I;
So Letters may flie in, Ile none of that,
She is my prisoner, and if I durst,
But that my warrant is not yet so strict,
Ile lay her in a dungeon where hercies
Should not haue light to reade her praier booke;
So would I danger both her soule and bodie,
Cause she an alien is to vs Catholiques.
Her bed should be all snakes, her rest depaire,
Torture should make her curse her faithlesse praier.

Enter Suffex, Howard, and seruants.

Suff. My Lord, it is the pleasure of the Queene,
The prisoner Princeesse should haue all the vse
Of the Lieutenants garden, the Queenes Lodgings,
And all the libertie this place affoords.

Con. What meanes her Grace by that?

Suff. You may goe aske her and you will my Lord;
Moreouer, tis her Highnes further pleasure,
That her sworne seruants shall attend on her,
Two gentlemen of her Ewrie, two of her pantrie,
Two of her Kitchin, and two of her wardrobe,
Besides this gentleman here maister Gage.

Con. The next will be her freedome; oh this maddes me.

How. Which way lies the Princeesse?

Con. This way my Lord.

How. This will be glad tidings, come let's tell her Grace.

Gage. Will't please your honor, let my Ladie *Ex: omnes*
Walke in the Lieutenants garden, (*prater Constable & Gage.*)
Or may but see the lodgings of the Queene,
Or ope the casements to receiue fresh aire,
Shall she my Lord? shall she this freedome vse?
She shall: for you can neither will nor chuse.
Or shall she haue some seruants of her owne
To attend on her? I pray let it be so,
And let your looke no more poore prisoners daunt,
I pray denie not what you needes must graunt. *Exit Gage.*
Con. This base groomme flowts me, oh this frets my heart!

If you know not me,

These knaues will jet vpon their priuiledge,
But yet ile vex her, I haue found the meanes:
Ile haue my Cookes to dresse my meate with hers,
And euery officer my men shall match,
O that I could but draine her hearts deare blood,
Oh it would feed me, doe my foule much good.

Enter the Clowne beating a souldier; & exeunt.

Then enter the Cooke beating another.

Con. How now, what meanes the fellow?

Cooke. Audacious slaue presuming in my place.

Con. Sir, 'twas my pleasure, and I did command it.

Cooke. The proudest he that keepes within the Tower,
Shall haue no eie into my priuate office.

Con. No fir? why say tis I.

Cooke. Be it your selfe, or any other here,
Ile make him suppe the hottestt broath I haue.

Con. You will not.

Cooke. Zwounds I will:

I haue bin true to her, and will be still.

Exit Cooke,

Con. Well, Ile haue this mended ere't be long,
And venge my selfe on her for all their wrong.

Ex: omnes.

Enter a Boy with a Nose-gay.

Boy. I haue got another Nose-gay for my yong Lady,
My Lord said I should be soundly whipt,
If I were seene to bring her any more,
But yet Ile venture once againe, she is so good;
Oh heere's her chamber, Ile call and see if she be stirring,
Where are you Lady?

Enter Eli:

Eli. Welcome sweet boy, what hast thou brought me there?

Boy. Madam, I haue brought you another Nose-gay;
But you must not let it be seene; for if it be,
I shall be soundly whipt, indeedla, indeed I shall.

Eli. God a mercy boy, heere's to requite thy loue. *Exit Eli.*

Enter Constable, Suffex, Howard, and Attendants.

Con. Stay him, stay him; Oh haue I caught you fir?

you know no bodie.

Where haue you bin?

Boy. To carry my yong Ladie some more flowers.

How. Alas my Lord, a child, pray let him go.

Con. A crafty knaue my Lords, searh him for letters.

Suff. Letters my Lord, tis ynpossible.

Canst. Come, tell me what letters thou carriedst her,
Ile giue thee figges and sugar plummies.

Boy. Will you indeed? well, Ile take your word,
For you looke like an honest man.

Con. Now tell me what letters thou deliueredst.

Boy. Faith gaffer I know no letters but great *A*,
B, and *C*; I am not come to *K* yet:

Now gaffer, will you giue me my sugar plummies?

Con. Yes mary will I, take him away,
Let him be soundly whipt I charge you sirra.

Enter Elizabeth, Gage and Clarentia.

Eli. They keepe euen Infants from vs, they doe well,
My sight they haue too long barr'd, and now my smell:
This Tower hath made me fall to huswifry,
I spend my labours to relieue the poore,
Goe *Gage*, distribute these to those that neede.

Enter Winchester, Beningsfield and Tame.

Win. Madam, the Queene out of her royall bounty,
Hath freed you from the thraldome of the Tower,
And now this gentleman must be your guardian.

Eli. I thanke her, she hath rid me of a tyrant:
Is he appointed now to be my keeper?
What's he Lords?

Tame. A gentelman in fauour with the Queene.

Eli. It seemes so by his charge: but tell me *Gage*,
Is yet the scaffold standing on Tower hill,
Whereon yong *Gisford* and the Lady *Iane* did suffer death?

Gage. Vpon my life it stands not.

Eli. Lord *Howard*, what is he?

How. A gentleman, tho of a sterne aspect,
Yet mild enough I hope your Grace will finde.

Eli. Hath he not thinke you a stretcht conscience?
And if my secret murder should be put into his hands,

If you know not me,

Hath he not a heart thinke you to execute?

How. Defend it heauen, and Gods almightie hand,
Berwixt your Grace, and such intendments stand,

Ben. Come Madam, will you goe?

Eli. With all my heart, farewell, farewell,
I am freed from Limbo, to be sent to hell.

Exeunt.

Enter Cooke and Pantler.

Cooke. What storme comes next? this hath disperst vs quite,
And shattered vs to nothing; though we be denide the presence
Of our Mistres, yet we will walke aloofe, and none controwle vs.

Pant. Here will she crosse the riuer, stand in her eie,
That she may take some note of our neglected ducties,

Enter three poore men.

1. Come, this way they say the sweete princeesse comes,
Let vs present her with such tokens of good will,
As we haue.

2. They say shee's such a vertuous Princeesse, that sheele
Axcept of a cup of cold water, and I haue euen
A nose-gay for her Grace; heere she comes.

Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Gage, and Tame.

Omnes. The Lord preferue thy sweete Grace,

Eli. What are these?

Gage. The townesmen of the country gathered here
To greet your Grace, hearing you passe this way.

Eli. Giue them this gold, and thanke them for their loues.

Ben. What traytor knaues are gather'd here to make a tumult?

Omnes. Now the Lord blesse thy sweet grace.

Ben. If they persist, I charge you souldiers stop their mouthes.

Eli. It shal not need, the poore are louing, but the rich despise,
And though you curbe their tongues, spare them their cares:
Your loue my smart allayes not, but prolongs?

Pray for me in your hearts, not in your tongues.

See, see, my Lord, looke, I haue stild them all,

Not one amongst them, but debates my fall.

Tame. Alas sir *Harry*, these are honest countrymen,
That much reioyce to see the Princeesse well.

Ben. My Lord, my Lord, my charge is great.

Tame. And mine as great as yours.

Bells.

you know no bodie.

Ben. Harke, harke my Lord, what Bels are these?

Gage. The townf-men of this village,
Hearing your Highnes passe this way,
Salutes your coming with a peale of Bels.

Ben. Traitors and knaues, ring Bels
When the *Queenes* enemy passeth through the Towne,
Go set the knaues by th heeles, make their pates ring noone,
I charge thee *Barwicke*. *Exit Barwicke.*

Eli. Alas poore men, help them thou God aboute,
Thus men are forst to suffer for my loue,
What said my seruants, those that stand aloofe?

Gage. They deeply conjur'd me out of their loues,
To know how your case goes, which these poore people second.

Eli. Say vnto them, *Tanquam ovis*.

Ben. Come away, this lingring will be night vs.

Tame. Madam, this night your lodging's at my house,
No prisoner are you Madam for this night.

Ben. How, no prisoner?

Tame. No, no prisoner, what I intend to do, Ile answer:
Madam, wil't please you go? *Exeunt Eli. Ben. and Tame.*

Cooke. Now gentle maister Vsher, what saies my Lady?

Gage. Thus did she bid me say, *Tanquam ovis*,
Farewell, I must away. *Exit Gage.*

1. *Tanqus ouvus*, pray what's *Tanqus ouvus* neighbour?

2. If the Priest were here hee'd smel it out straight.

Cooke. My selfe hath bin a Scholler, and I vnderstand
What *Tanquam ovis* meanes,
We sent to know how her Grace did fare,
She *Tanquam ovis* said, euen like a sheep
That's to the slaughter led.

1. *Tanqus ouvus*, that I should liue to see, *Tanqus ouvis*?

2. I shall neuer loue *Tanquam ouvis* againe for this trickie.

Ex. omnes.

Enter Beningfield and Barwicke his man.

Ben. *Barwicke*, Is this the chaire of State?

Bar. I sir, this is it.

Ben. Take it downe, and pull off my bootes.

Bar. Come on sir.

If you know not me,

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O monstreus what a sawcy companion's this,
To pull off his bootes in the chaire of State;
Ile fit you a pennyworth for it,

Ben. Well said Barwicke, pull knaue.

Bar. A ha sir. *The clowne pulls the chaire away.*

Ben. Well said, now't comes.

Clo. Gods pittie, I thinke you are downe, cry you marcie,

Ben. What sawcie arrant knaue art thou! how?

Clo. Not so sawcy an arrant knaue as your worship
takes me to be.

Ben. Villaine, thou hast broke my crooper.

Clo. I am sory tis no worse for your worship.

Ben. Knaue, doost slowt me? *He beates him. exunt.*

Enter the Englishman and Spaniard.

Span. The wall, the wall.

Eng. Sblood *Spaniard* you get no wall here, vnlesse you
Would haue your head and the wall knockt together.

Span. Seignior *Cauallero Danglero*,
I must haue the wall.

Eng. I doe protest, hadst not thou enforst it,
I had not regarded it, but since you will needs
Haue the wall, ile take the paines to thrust
You into the kennell.

Spa. O base *Cauallero*, my sword and poniard well
Tride in *Tolledo*, shall giue thee the *Imbrocado*.

Eng. Mary and welcome sir, come on.

They fight.

Spa. Holo, holo, thou hast giuen me
The canuifado.

*Hee hurts the
Spaniard.*

Eng. Come sir, will you any more?

Spa. Seignior *Cauallero* looke behinde thee,
A blade of *Tolledo* is drawne against thee.

He lookes backe, he kills him.

Enter Phillip, Howard, Suffex, Constable and Gresham.

Phil. Hand that ignoble groom,
Had we not beheld thy cowardize,
We should haue sworne,

you know no bodie.

Such baseness had not followed vs.

Spa. Oh vostro mandado grand Emperato.

How: Pardon him my Lord.

Phil. Are you respectlesse of our honor Lordes?

That you would haue vs bosome cowardize,

I doe protest, The great Turkes Emperie

Shall not redeeme thee from a felons death:

What place is this my Lords?

Suff. Charing Crosse my Liege.

Phi. Then by this crosse, where thou hast done this murder,
Thou shalt be hang'd, so Lords away with him. *Ex: Spaniard.*

Suf. Your Grace may purchase glorie from aboue,
And intire loue from all your peoples hearts,
To make attonement twixt the wofull Princeesse,
And our dread Soueraigne, your most vertuous Queene,

How. It were a deede worthie of memorie.

Con. My Lord, shee's fastious, rather could I wish
Shee were married to some priuate gentleman,
And with her dower conuayd out of the Land,
Than heere to stay and be a mutiner,
So may your Highnesse state be more secure:
For whilst she liues, warres, and commotions,
Foule insurrections will be set abroch;
I thinke twere not amisse to take her head,
This land would be in quiet were shee but dead.

Suff. O my Lord, you speake not charitably.

Phil. Nor will we Lords embrace his heedlesse counsell;
I doe protest, as I am king of *Spaine*,

My vtmost power ile stretch to make them friends:

Come Lords Let's in, my loue and wit Ile trie

To end this jarre; the Queene shall not denie.

Exeunt.

*Enter Elizabeth, Beningsfield, Clarentia, Tame, Gage,
and Barwicke.*

Eli. What fearefull terrour doth assaile my heart?

Good *Gage* come hither, and resolute me true

In thy opinion; shall I out-lie this night?

I pre thee speake.

Gage. Out-lie this night, I pray Madam why?

If you know not me,

Eli. Then to be plaine, this night I looke to die.

Gage. O Madam, you were borne to better fortunes:
That God that made you, will protect you still
From all your enemies that wish you ill.

Eli. My heart is fearefull.

Gage. O my honor'd Lord,
As euer you were noble in your thoughts,
Speake, shall my Lady out-live this night, or no?

Tame. You much amaze me sir, else heauen forsend.

Gage. For, if wee should imagine any plot,
Pretending to the hurt of our deere Mistris,
I and my fellowes, though farre vr able are
To stand against your power, will die together.

Tame. And I with you would spend my deereft blood,
To doe that vertuous Lady any good:
Sir *Harry*, now my charge I must resigne,
The Ladie's wholly in your custodie,
Yet vse her kindly as she well deserues,
And so I take my leaue; Madam adue.

Eli. My honor'd Lord farewell, vnwilling I
With griefe and woe must continue,
Help me to some inke and paper good sir *Harry*.

Ben. What to doe Madam?

Eli. To write a Letter to the Queene my sister.

Ben. I find not that in my Commission.

Eli. Good laylor, vrge not thy Commission.

Ben. No laylor, but your guardian Madam.

Eli. Then reach me pen and inke.

Ben. Madam I dare not, my Commission serues not.

Eli. Thus you haue driuen me off from time to time,
Still vrging me with your Commission,
Good laylor be not so seuer.

Ben. Good Madam I intreate you loose that name
Of laylor, twill be a by-word to me and my posteritie.

Eli. As often as you name your Commission,
So often will I call you laylor.

Ben. Say I should reach you pen, inke, and paper,
Who is't dare beare a Letter sent from you?

you know no bodie.

Eli. I doe not keepe a seruant so dishonert,
That would denie me that.

Ben. Who euer dares, none shall.

Gage. Madam, impose the Letter to my trust,
Were I to beare it through a field of pikes,
And in my way ten thousand arm'd men ambusher,
Ide make my passage through the midst of them,
And perforce beare it to the Queene your sister.

Ben. Body of me, what a bold knaue's this?

Eli. Gage, leaue me to my selfe,
Thou euer-living power that guid'st all hearts,
Giue to my pen a true perswasiuue stile,
That it may mouue my impatient sisters cares,
And vige her to compassionate my woe.

Shee writes.

Beningfield takes a booke and looks into it.

Ben. What haz shee written heere?

He reads.

Much suspected by me, nothing proou'd can be:

Finis quoth Elizabeth the prisoner.

Marie a God, what's heere, an English Bible?

Sanctum Maria, pardon this prophanation of my heart,

Water Barwicke, water, Ile meddle with't no more.

Eli. My heart is heaueie, and mine eies doe close,

I am wearie with writing, sleepeie on the sodaine;

Clarentia, leaue me, and command some musicke

In the with-drawing chamber.

Shee sleepest.

Ben. Your Letter shall be foorth-coming Ladie,

I will peruse it ere it scape me now.

Exit. Ben.

A dumbe shew.

*Enter Winchester, Constable, Barwicke, and Friars: at the other
doore two Angels: the Friars steps to her, offering to kill her: the
Angels drive them backe. Exeunt. The Angels open the bible
and put it in her hands. Exeunt Angels: she wakes.*

Eli. O God how pleasant was this sleepe to me!

Clarentia, saw'st thou nothing?

Cla. Madam, not I;

I ne'r slept soundlier for the time.

Eli. Nor heardst thou nothing?

Cla. Neither Madame.

If you know not me,

Eli. Didst not thou put this Booke into my hand?

Cl. Madam, not I.

Eli. Then twas by inspiration, heauen I trust
With his eternall hand will guide the iust.
What chapter's this, *Who so putteth his trust in the Lord,*
Shall not be confounded?

My Sauour, thanks, on thee my hope I build,
Thou lou'st poore innocents, and art their sheild.

Enter Beningfield and Gage.

Ben. Heere haue you writ a long excuse it seemes,
But no submission to the Queene your sister.

Eli. Should they submit that neuer wrought offence?
The lawe will alwaies quit wrong'd innocence:

Gage, take my letter, & to the Lords commend my humble duty.

Gage. Madam, I flie,
To giue this letter to her Maiesty;

Hoping when I returne,

To giue you comfort that now sadly mourne.

*Exeunt omnes
preter Ben.*

Ben. I, do write and send, Ile crosse you still,

Shée shall not speake to any man aliue,

But Ile ore-heare her, no letter, nor no token

Shall neuer haue access vnto her hands,

But first Ile see it;

So like a subiect to my Soueraignes state,

I will pursue her with my deadly hate.

Enter Clowne.

Cl. O sir *Harry*, you looke well to your office,
Yonders one in the Garden with the Princess.

Ben. How knaue, with the Princess? she parted euen now.

Cl. I sir, that's all one, but she no sooner came into the
Garden, but he leapt ore the wall, and there
They are together busie in talke sir.

Ben. Heere's for thy paines, thou art an honest fellow:
Go take a Guard and apprehend them strait.

Exit Clowne.

Bring them before me.

O this is well found out.

Now will the Queene commend my diligent care,

And praise me for my seruice to her Grace.

Ha, traitors sware me so neare about my houses

you know no bodie.

Tis time to looke into't;
O well said Barwicke,
Where's the prisoner?

*Enter Clowne, Barwicke, and Souldiers leading of a
Goate, his sword drawne.*

Clo. Heere he is in a string my Lord.

Ben. Lord blesse vs, knaue, what hast thou there?

Clo. This is he I told you was busie in talke with the Princeesse,
What a did there, you must get out of him by examination.

Ben. Why knaue, this is a beast.

Clo. So may your worship be for any thing I know.

Ben. What art thou knaue?

Clo. If your worship does not remember me,
I hope your worships crooper doth:
But if you haue any thing to say to this honest fellow,
Who for his gray head and reuerent beard is so like,
He may be a kinne to you.

Ben. A kinne to me, knaue Ile haue thee whipt.

Clo. Then your worship will crie quittance with my
Posterioris for misusing of yours.

Ben. Nay, but doost thou flowt me still? *He beats him.*

Enter Winchester, Gresham with paper, Constable *Exeunt.*
with a Pursuant.

Gresh. I pray your Honor to regard my haste.

Win. I know your businesse, and your haste shall stay,
As you were speaking my Lord *Constable.*

Const. When as the king shall come to seale these Writs,

Gresh. My Lord, you know his highnesse treasure staies,
And cannot be transported these three months,
Vnlesse that now your Honor seale my warrant.

Win. Fellow what then? This warrant that concernes
The Princeesse death, shuffle in amongst the rest,
Hee'll nere peruse it.

Gresh. How, the Princeesse death? thanks heauen,
By whom I am made a willing instrument her life to saue,
That may liue crown'd when thou art in thy graue.

Win. Stand ready Pursuant, *Exit Gresham.*
That when tis sign'd,

If you know not me,

Thou maist be gone, and gallop with the winde.

Enter Philip, Suffex, and Gage.

Phil. Our Chauncellor Lords, this is our sealing daie,
This our states busines; is our Signet there?

Enter Howard, and Gresham as he is sealing.

How. Staie your imperiall hand, let not your seale imprint
Deaths impresse in your sisters heart.

Phil. Our sisters heart! Lord *Howard* what meanes this?

How. The Chancellor and that iniurious Lord
Can well expound the meaning.

Win. Oh chance accurst, how came he by this notice?
Her life is guarded by the hand of heauen,
And we in vaine pursue it.

Phil. Lord Chancellor, your dealing is not faire,
See Lords, what Writs affoords it selfe
To the impresse of our seale.

Suf. See my Lord, a warrant for the Princess death
Before shee be conuicted, what juggling call you this?
See, see for Gods sake.

Gage. And a Pursuant ready to poste away with it,
To see it done with speed;
What sintie breast could brooke to see her bleed?

Phil. Lord Chancellor, out of our prerogatiue,
We will make bold to enterline your warrant.

Suff. Whose plot was this?

How. The Chancellors, and my Lord Constables.

Suff. How was't reueald?

Ho. By this gentleman master *Gresham* the Kings Agent here.

Suf. He hath shewed his loue to the King and Queens maiesty,
His seruice to his countrie, and care of the Princess.

Gresh. My duetie to them all.

Phil. Instead of charging of the Sheriffes with her,
We heere discharge her keeper Beningsfield;
And where we should haue brought her to the blocke,
We now will haue her brought to *Hampton Court*,
There to attend the pleasure of the Queene:
The Pursuant that should haue posted downe
With tidings of her death,

you know no bodie.

Beare her the message of her reprimed life,
• You M. *Gage* assist his speed, a good daies worke we ha made,
To rescue innocence so soone betraid.

Enter Clowne and Clarentia.

Clo. Whither goe you so fast mistris *Clarentia*?

Clar. A milking.

Clo. A milking! that's a poore office for a Madam.

Cl. Better a Milke-maid free, than a Madam in bondage,
Oh, hadst thou heard the Princeesse yesternight,
Sitting within an arbor all alone to heare a Milke-maid sing,
It would haue moou'd a flintie heart to melt,
Weeping and wishing, wishing and weeping,
A thousand times she with her selfe debates,
With the poore Milke-maide to exchange estates,
She was a Sempster in the Tower being a Princeesse,
And shall I her poore gentlewoman disdain
To be a Milke-maid in the country?

Clo. Troth you say true, euery one to his fortune,
As men goe to hanging, the time hath beene
When I would ha scorn'd to cary coles, but now the case is
Euery man as farre as his tallent will stretch. (alter'd

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Wom. Where's mistris *Clarentia*? to horse, to horse,
The Princeesse is sent for to the Court,
Shee's gone already, come let's after.

Clar. The Princeesse gone, and I left heere behind!
Come, come, our horses shall out-strip the winde,

Clo. And Ile not be long after you, for I am sure
My Curtall will cary me as fast as your double Ge'ding. *Exeunt.*

Enter Elizabeth and Gage.

Eli. I wonder *Gage*, that we haue staid so long,
So neere the Court, and yet haue heard no newes
From our displeased sister, this more affrights me
Than my former troubles; I feare this *Hampton Court*
Will be my graue.

Gage. Good Madam, blot such thoughts out of your mind;
The Lords I know are still about your sure,
And make no doubt, but they will so preuaile,

If you know not me,

Both with the King and Queene, that you shall see
Their hainous anger will be turn'd to loue. *Enter Howard.*

How. Where is the Princessse?

Eli. Welcome my good Lo: *Howard*, what sayes the Queene,
Will she admit me light?

How. Madam she will, this night she hath appointed,
That she her selfe in person meanes to heare you,
Protraſt no time, then come, let's hattle away. *Exeunt.*

Enter foure Torches: P hillip, Winchester, Howard, Shandoyse, Beningsfield, and Attendants.

Queene. Where is the Princessse?

How. She waits your pleasure at the common-staires.

Queene. Vsher her in by Torch-light.

How. Gentlemen Vsers, and gentlemen Pensioners, lights
For the Princessse, attendance gentlemen.

Phil. For her supposed vertues, Royall Queene
Looke on your sister with a smiling brow,
And if her fault merite not too much hate,
Let her be censur'd with all lenitie,
Let your deepe hatred end where it began,
She hath beene too long banisht from the sunne.

Queene. Our fauour shall be farre boue her desert,
And she that hath been banisht from the light,
Shall once againe behold our cheerefull sight.
You my Lord shall step behind the Arrasse,
And heare our conference, wee le shew her grace,
For there shines too much mercy in your face.

Phil. We beare this mind, we errours would not feed,
Nor cherish wrongs, nor yet see Innocents bleed.

Quee. Call the Princessse.

*Exeunt for the Princessse,
P hillip behind the Arras.*

Enter all with Elizabeth.

All forbeare this place except our sister now. *Exeunt omnes.*

Eli. That God that raise you, stay you, and protect
You from your foes, and cleare me from suspect.

Quee. Wherefore doe you crie?
To see your selfe so low, or vs so hie?

Eli. Neither dread Queene, mine is a womanish reare.

you know no bodie.

In part compeld by ioy, and part by feare:
Ioy of your sight these brinish teares haue bred,
For feare of my Queenes frowne, to strike me dead.

Quee. Sister, I rather thinke th'are teares of spleene.

Eli. You were my sister, now you are my Queene.

Quee. I that's your griefe.

Eli. Madam, he was my foe and not your friend
That hath possesst you so, I am as true a
Subiect to your Grace, as any liues this day:
Did you but see,

My heart it bends farre lower than my knee.

Quee. We know you can speake well, will you submit?

Eli. My life Madam I will, but not as guilty,

Should I confesse

Fault done by her that neuer did transgresse?

I ioy to haue a sister Queene so royall.

I would it as much please your Maiestie,

That you enioy a sister that's so true:

If I were guiltie of the least offence,

Madam 'twould raine the blood euerm in your face;

The treasons of the father being noble,

Vnnobles all your children: let your Grace

Exact all torture and imprisonment,

What ere my greatest enemies can deuise,

And when they all haue done their worst, yet I

Will your true subiect and true sister die.

Phi. Mirror of vertue, and bright natures pride, *Behind the*
Pitty it had been, such beautie should haue dide. *Arras.*

Quee. You'le not submit, but end as you begin.

Eli. Madam, to death I will, but not to sinne.

Quee. You are not guilty then?

Eliz. I thinke I am not,

Quee. I am not of your minde.

Eli. I would your Highnesse were.

Quee. How meane you that?

Eliz. To thinke as I thinke, that my soule is cleare.

Quee. You haue beene wrong imprison'd then?

Eli. Ile not say so.

Queene.

If you know not me,

Queene. What ere we thinke, arise and kisse our hand,
Say God hath raisde you friends.

Eli. Then God hath kept his promise.

Queene. Promise, why?

Eli. To raise them friends that on his word relie,

*Enter
Philip.*

Phil. And may the heauens applaud this vnitic;
Accurst be they that first procur'd this wrong,
Now by my Crowne, you haue been kept downe too long.

Queene. Sister, this night your selfe shall feast with me,
To morrow for the countrie you are free;
Lights for the Princeesse, conduct her to her chamber. *Ex. Eli.*

Phil. My soule is ioyfull that this peace is made,
A peace that pleaseth heauen and earth, and all,
Redeeming captiue thoughts from captiue thrall,
Faire Queene, the sericus busines of my father
Is now at hand to be accomplished,
Of your faire sight I needs must take my leaue,
Returne I shall, tho parting cause vs grieue.

Quee. Why should two hearts be forst to separate?
I know your busines, but belecue me sweete,
My soule diuines we neuer more shall meete.

Phil. Yet faire Queene hope the best I shall returne,
Who met with ioy, tho now sadlie mourne. *Exeunt Philip
and the Queen.*

Ben. What, droopes your honour?

Win. Oh, I am sicke.

Con. Where lies griefe?

Win. Where yours and all good subiects else should lie,
Neare at the heart, this confirmation I doe greatly dread,
For now our true religion will decaie,
I doe diuine, who euer liues seauen yeare,
Shall see no Religion here, but heresie.

Ben. Come, come my Lord, this is but for a shew,
Our Queene I warrant wishes in her heart,
Her sister Princeesse were without her head.

Win. No, no my Lords, this peace is naturall,
This combination is without deceit,
But I will once more write to incense the Queene,
The plot is laid, thus it shall be perform'd:

you know no bodie.

Sir *Harry*, you shall goe at tach her seruant
Vpon suspition of some treacherie,
Wherein the *Princesse* shall be accessarie:
If this doe faile, my pollicie is downe,
But I grow faint the feuer staies on me,
Death like a Vulture tires vpon my heart,
Ile leaue you two to profecute this drift,
My bones to earth I giue, & heauen my soule I list.

Ex. omnes.

Enter Gage, and Clarentia.

Gage. Madam *Clarentia*, is my *Ladie* stirring?

Cl. Yes master *Gage*, but heauie at the heart,
For she was frighted with a dreame this night,
She said, she dream'd her sister was new married,
And sate vpon a high Emperiall throne:
That she her selfe was cast into a dungeon,
Whence enemies enuiron'd her about,
Offering their weapons to hernaked breast:
Nay they would scarcelie giue her leaue to praie,
They made such haste to hurrie her awaie.

Gage. Heauen shield my mistris, & make her friends increase,
Conuert her foes, estate her in true peace.

Cl. Then did I dreame of weddings, and of flowers,
Methought I was within the finest Garden,
That euer mortall eye did yet behold,
Then strait me thought, some of the chiefe were pickt
To dresse the Bride; O twas the rarest shew,
To see the Bride goe smiling longt the streetes,
As if shee went to happines eternall.

Gage. Oh most vnhappy dreame! my feare is now
As great as yours, before it was but small:
Come, let's goe comfort her that ioyes vs all.

Exeunt.

*Enter a dumbe shew: six Torches: Sufflex bearing the Crowne,
Howard bearing the Scepter, the Constable the Mace, Tame
the Purse, Shandoise the Sword, Philip and Marie; after them
the Cardinall Poole, Beningfield and Attendants: Philip and
Marie conferres: he takes leaue, and Exit. Nobles bring him
to the doore, and returns; She fakes in a Swound: They com-
fort her: a dead march. Enter foure with the Hearse of Win-*

If you know not me,

chester with the Scepter and Purse lying on it: The Queene taketh the Scepter and Mace, and giues it Cardinall Poole: a fennet, and Exeunt omnes prater Suffex.

Suf. Winchester's dead, O God, vpon euen at his death,
He shewd his malice to the sweet yong Princess;
God pardon him, his soule must answer all,
Shee's still preseru'd, and still her foes doe fall,
The Queene is much besotted on these Prelates,
For there's another raide more base than he,
Poole that Arch, for truth and honestie.

Enter Beningsfield.

Ben. My Lord of *Suffex*, I can tell ill newes,
The Cardinall *Poole* that now was firmly well,
Is sodainelie false sicke, and like to die.

Suff. Let him goe, why then there is a fall of Prelates,
This realme will neuer stand in perfect state,
Till all their faction be cleane ruinate.

Enter Constable.

Con. Sir *Harry*, do you heare the whispering in the Court?
They say the Queene is crazie, verie ill.

Suff. How heard you that?

Con. Tis common through the house,

Enter Howard.

How. Tis a sad Court my Lord.

Suf. What's the matter? say, how fares the Queene?

How. Whether in sorrow for the Kings departure,
Or else for griefe at *Winchesters* decease,
Or else that Cardinall *Poole* is sodainely dead,
I cannot tell, but shee's exceeding sicke.

Suf. The state begins to alter.

How. Nay more my Lord, I came now from the Presence,
I heard the Doctors whisper it in secret,
There is no way but one.

Suf. Gods will be done, who's with the Queene my Lord?

How. The Duke of *Norfolke*, the Earle of *Oxford*,
The Earle of *Arundell*, and diuers others,
They are withdrawne into the inward chamber,
There to take counsell, and intreat your presence.

Suf. Wee'll wait vpon their Honors.

Ex, omnes.

you know no bodie.

Enter Elizabeth, Gage, and Clarentia above.

Eli. O God, my last nights dreame I greatly feare
It doth presage my death, good maister *Gage*,
Looke to the path waie that doth come fro the Court,
I looke each minute for deaths messenger:
Would he were here now, so my soule were pure,
That I with patience might the stroke indure.

Gage. Madam, I see from farre a horse-man coming,
This waie he bends his speed, he comes so fast
That he is covered with a cloud of dust,
And now I haue lost his sight, he appeares againe, ✓
Making his way ouer Hill, Hedge, Ditch, & Plaine,
One after him, they two strue,
As on the race they had wagerd both their liues,
Another after him.

Eli. O God, what meanes this haste?
Praie for my soule, my life cannot long last;

Gage. Strange and miraculous! the first being at the gate;
His horse hath broke his necke, and cast his Rider.

Eli. This same is but a prologue to my death,
My heart is guiltlesse though they take my breath.

Enter sir Harry Kere.

Kar. God saue the Queene, God saue *Elizabeth*.

Eli. God saue the Queene, so all good Subiects say;
I am her Subiect, and for her still I pray.

Kar. My horse did you allegiance at the gate,
For there he broke his necke, and there he lies;
For I my selfe had much adoe to rise,
The fall hath bruisde me, yet I liue to crie,
God blesse your grace, God blesse your maiestie.

Gage. Long liue the Queene, long liue your maiestie.

Eli. This newes is sweet, my heart was sore afraid:
Rise thou, first Baron that we euer made.

Kar. Thanks to your Maiestie, happy be my tongue,
That first breath'd right to one that had such wrong.

Enter sir Iohn Brocket.

Bro. Am I prevented in my haste, O chance accurst,
My hopes did loothe me that I was the first;

If you know not me,

Let not my dutie be o're swaid by splene,

Long liue my Soueraigne, and God saue my Queene,

Eli. Thanks good sir *Iohn*, we will deserue your loue.

Enter Howard.

How. Though third in order, yet first in loue,

I tender my allegiance to your Grace,

Liue long faire Queene, thrice happie be your raigne,

He that in-states you, your high state maintaine.

Eli. Lord *Howard*, thanks, you euer were our friend,

I see your loue continues to the end,

But chiefly, thanks to you my Lord of *Hunsdon*.

How. Meaning this gentleman?

Eli. The verie same;

His tongue was first proclamer of our name:

And trustie *Gage*, in token of our grace,

We giue to you a captaine Pensioners place.

How. Madam, the Councill are heere at hand,

Eli. We will descend and meete them.

Karew. Let's guard our Soueraigne, praising that Power,
That can throw downe and raise within an hower. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter the Clowne and one more with faggots.

Clo. Come neighbor, come away, euerie man his faggot,
And his double pot, for ioy of the old Queenes death;

Let bells ring, and children sing,

For we haue cause to remember;

The seauenteenth day of Nouember.

*Enter Lord
of Tame.*

Tame. How now my masters, what's heere to doe?

Clo. Faith making Bone-fiers for ioy of the new Queene,

Come sir, your pennie, and you be a true subiect,

Youle battle with vs your faggot, weele be merrie yfaith.

Tame. And you doe well: and yet me thinket were fit,
To spend some funerall teares vpon her hearse,
Who while she liu'd was deare vnto them all.

Clo. I, burdoe not you know the old Prouerb?

We must liue by the quicke, and not by the dead.

Tame. Did you not loue her father when he liu'd,
As deerelie as you ere did loue any,
And yet reioycd at his funerall?

you know no bodie.

Likewise her brother, you esteem'd him deere,
Yet once departed, ioyfullie you sung,
Runne to make Bone-fires, to proclaime your loue
Vnto the new, forgetting still the old:
Now she is gone, how you moane for her!
Were it not fit a while to moane her Hearse,
And duetifullie there reioyce the other?
Had you the wisest and the louingst Prince,
That euer swaid a Scepter in the world,
This is the loue he shall haue after life.
Let Princes while they liue haue loue or feare tis fit,
For after death there's none continues it.

Clo. By my faith my maisters, he speakes wisely;
Come, weele to the end of the lane, & there weele
Make a Bone-fire, and be merrie:
Faith agreed, ile spend my halfe-pennie towards
Another faggot, rather than the new Queene shall
Want a Bone-fire.

Exeunt, manet Tame.

Tame. I blame you not, nor doe I you commend,
For you will still the strongest side defend.

Exit.

Asennet. Enter foure Trumpeters, after them Sergeant Trumpeter with a Mace, after him the Purse bearer Suffex with the Crowne, Howard the Scepter, Constable with the Cappe of Maintenance, Shandoyse with the Snord, Tame with the Coller and a George, foure gentlemen bearing the Canopy ouer the Queene, two gent ewomen bearing up her Traine, six gentlemen Pensioners, the Queene takes State.

Omnes. Long liue, long raigne our Soueraigne.

Eli. We thanke you ail.

Suf. The imperiall Crowne I heere present your Grace,
With it my staffe of Office, and my place.

Eli. Whilft we this Crowne, so long your place enioy.

How. Th'imperiall Scepter heere I offer vp.

Eli. Keepe it my Lord, and with it be you high Admirall.

Con. This Cap of Maintenance, I present my state
of Office, and my vtmost seruice.

Eli. Your loue we know.

Const. Pardon me gracious Madam, twas not spleene,

If you know not me,

But that allegiance that I ow'd my Queene,
Madam, I seru'd her truelie at that day,
And I as truly will your Grace obaie.

Eli. We do as freelie pardon as you truelie seru'd;
Onelie your stasse of Office weele displace,
In stead wherof, weele owe you greater grace.

Enter Beningsfield.

Ben. Long liue the Queene, long liue your Maiestie,
I haue rid hard to be the first reporter
Of these glad tidings first; and all these here.

Suff. You are in your loue as free as in your care,
Y^e are come euen iust a day after the faire.

Eli. What's he, my taylor?

Ben. God preserue your Grace.

Eli. Be not asham'd man looke me in the face,
Who haue you now to patronize your strictnes on?
For your kindnes this I will bestow:
When we haue one we would haue hardlie vsde,
And cruellie dealt with, you shall be the man,
This is a day for peace, not for vengeance fit,
All your good deedes weele quit, all wrongs remit.
Where we left off, proceede.

Shan. The Sword of Iustice on my bended knee
I to your Grace present, heauen blesse your raigne.

Eli. This Sword is ours, this Stasse is yours againe.

Tam. This Garter with the Order of the George,
Two ornaments vnto the Crowne of England,
I here present.

Eli. Possesse them still my Lord, what Office beare

Gage. I Captaine of your Highnes Pensioners.

Broc. I of your Guard,

I Sergeant Trumpetor, present my Mace.

Eli. Some we intend to raise, none to displace;
Lord *Hunsdon*, we will one day finde a Stasse
To poize your hand: you are our cousin,
And deserue to be imploy'd neerer our person:
But now to you from whom we take this Stasse,
Since Cardinall *Poole* is now decesse and dead,

you know no bodie.

To shew all malice from our breast is worne,
Before you let that Purse and Mace be borne.
And now to *London* Lords lead on the way,
Praising that King that all kings else obay.

*Sennet about the stage in order.
The Maior of London meets them.*

Ma. I from this cittie *London* doe present,
This Purse and Bible to your Maiesttie,
A thousand of your faithfull Citizens,
In veluet Coats and Chaines well mounted, stay
To greet their royall Soueraigne on the way.
Eli. We thanke you all: but first this Booke I kisse,
Thou art the way to Honor, thou to Blisse:
An English Bible, thanks my good Lord Maior,
You of our bodie and our soule haue care;
This is the Iewell that we still loue best,
This was our solace when we were distressed,
This Booke that hath so long conceal'd it selfe,
So long shut vp, so long hid; Now Lords see,
We here vnclasp, for euer it is free:
Who looks for ioy, let him this Booke adore,
This is true foode for rich men and for poore,
Who drinks of this, is certaine nere to perish,
This will the soule with heauenly vertue cherish,
Lay hand vpon this Anchoreuery soule,
Your names shall be in an eternall scrowle,
Who builds on this, dwels in a happy state,
This is the fountaine cleare, immaculate.
That happy issue that shall vs succeed,
And in our populous kingdome this Booke reade,
For them, as for our owne selues, we humbly pray,
They may liue long, and blest; so leade the way.

FINIS.